

NOVEMBER

November's days are thirty .

November's earth is dirty ,

These thirty days , from first to last :

And the prettiest things on ground are the paths

With morning and evening hobnails dinted ,

With foot or wing-tip overprinted ,

Or separately charactered,

Of little beast and little bird .

The fields are mashed by sheep , the roads

Make the ~~walk~~ worst going , the best the woods.

While dead leaves upward and downward scatter

Few care for the mixture of earth and water,

Twig , leaf , flint , thorn ,

Rag , straw , all that men scorn ,

Pounded up and sodden by flood ,

Condemned as mud .

But of all the months when earth is greener

Not one has clean skies that are cleaner .

Clean and clear and sweet and cold ,

They shine above the earth so old ,

While the white after-tempest cloud

Sails over in silence though winds are loud ,

Till the full moon in the east  
Looks at the planet in the west ,  
And earth is still as it is black ,  
Yet not unhappy for its lack .  
  
Up from the dirty earth men stare .  
One imagines a refuge there  
Above the mud , in the pure bright  
Of the cloudless heavenly light .  
  
Another loves earth and November more dearly  
Because , without them , he sees clearly ,  
The sky would be nothing more to his eye  
Than he , in any case , is to the sky :  
He loves even the mud whose dyes  
Renounce all brightness to the skies .